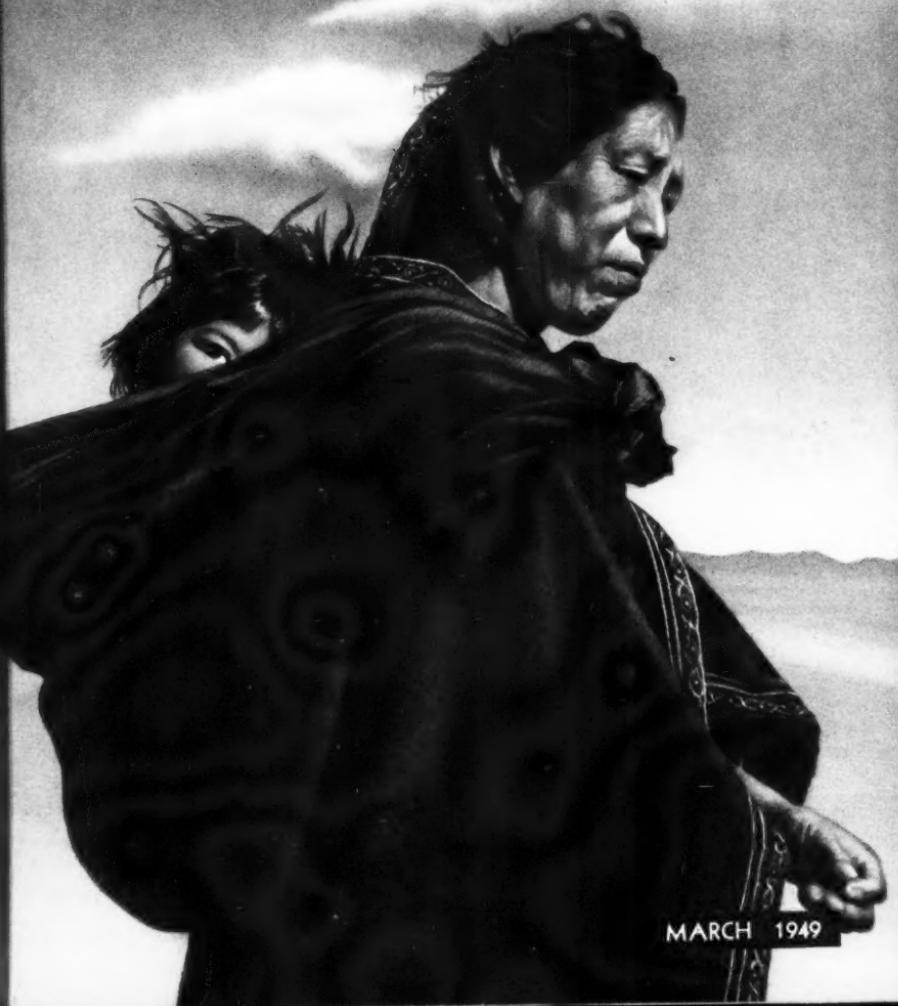


Maryknoll

THE FIELD AFAR



MARCH 1949



TERRY AND GERRY — The Lee twins, Terry and Gerry, are dressed in the best classical Chinese fashion, despite the fact that Mother and Dad follow the West. Christian families like this make the priest's work worth while.



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D=DAY

in Shumkai

Hail to the
Christian Tomorrow!

by Mark A. Tennien

D- DAY means the Day of Decision. It is the day when our non-Christian catechumens of South China break with the past, and cast their lot with the new religion. On this day our candidates for baptism must throw out the ancestor shrines, the joss-stick bowls, the pictures of the god of fertility (who is supposed to bring plentiful offspring), the kitchen deities, and all other omens and signs of superstitious worship. On this day, which is an epoch in their lives, the priest comes to bless their homes.

It is not an easy step to cast out the religion one's parents and grandparents had trusted in from time unknown. Some of our candidates make the step before D-Day, but most wait until the priest is on hand with holy water to battle the "devils" if necessary. The people ask the catechists to help destroy the idols

and other articles of the pagan religion, for they have a lurking fear of the gods they worshiped so long.

D-Day comes after the inhabitants of a village have been under instruction for about a month. This is called the probation month, when the non-Christians study fundamentals of the Catholic Faith and hear the catechists explain these truths. At the end of this probation month comes D-Day. Then the catechumens decide to carry on towards baptism; or they refuse to take the big step, and they return to the religion of their ancestors.

I have just come home from D-Day in North Village. There about 250 Chinese had started studies for baptism. Here is the story of my visit.

On arrival, I had a cup of tea and chatted awhile. Then I put on cassock and stole to bless holy water. Catechists gathered around me, and a curious crowd of onlookers assembled to watch every move of the ceremony. A catechist gave me a list of families who had requested the blessing, and we started out in procession.

We followed the cobblestone path



that twisted and turned through the village. At some spots the path was patched with flagstones; at others there was just thick mud, with bricks dropped here and there for stepping stones. The barefoot

villagers slogged through the mud. The youngsters jumped and splashed in it, running to keep pace with the crowd.

When our group arrived at the first house of a convert, we stopped



before the door. The catechumens started to chant the "Come, Holy Ghost," the "Our Father," and the Creed, while I read the prayers

for the blessing of Catholic homes. The catechists and the people undertook the spiritual house-cleaning. Good-luck papers were torn down, pictures of the god of fertility were scraped off doors, joss-stick racks and bowls were hurled out.

When that job was done, the man of the house or some other member of each family led me through the sprawling, cavernous rooms, to sprinkle them with holy water. It was like carnival day for the youngsters; they crowded in front and behind me, and fell under my feet, as we inched along. I stumbled over

It takes courage for old lady Wong to destroy the objects of her life-long superstitions. She does so in presence of Father Tennien, who, below, contemplates a Shumkai deity.





This convert was village joss seller; photo opposite shows him with joss.

dark door sills, and bumped my head on low door frames made for people much shorter than a six-footer. Wire keys lifted the locks on inner doors, and often an embarrassed housewife hurried to straighten out disorder. With a good sprinkling of holy water for both rooms and occupants, we passed on.

Into the sooty kitchen we went, where black smoke curled out under a big caldron. We cut through the smoke-fog as we splashed holy water. Then we were guided to the spare rooms, where plows and harrows and hoes were stored. Wiping the sticky

cobwebs that clung to my glasses, again I gave everything a generous aspersion of holy water. Climbing the ladder to the loft, I threw "chase-devil water" into the compartments where the rice grain was stored.

Simple country folk fear the devils' harm to their livestock, so next they ushered me to the shed. Wading through the manure, I sent holy water flying over a water buffalo or a yellow cow that lay there unconcernedly. The pigpen was next. As the noisy crowd lined the bars, and holy water was sprinkled over the pigs, those animals scrambled into

the corners with frightened grunts. The D-Day ceremonies hardly ever end without at least one good wrangle. Families who do not choose to become Catholic watch the procession with hostility in their eyes. If some members of a clan have not joined the classes for study, they refuse to permit the ancestor shrine and joss-stick bowls to be removed from the common room. If the priest blesses a room which non-Christian members say belongs in part to them, this causes yelling and wrangling. Often I must tell a militant new Christian to hush, while I explain to the pagan that the blessing was an error, that we press nobody to embrace our practices.

Sometimes a group that was "on the fence" until D-Day watches hundreds of Christians on the march, happily tearing out the old and adopting the new religion. The timid ones' fears that such a step might bring harm are overcome, and finally they rush up and beg us to bless their homes, as well.

Here in Blue Cloud County, where the movement toward the Church embraces thousands, each village we agree to instruct must have several hundred willing to study. Hence on D-Day, after one group of homes is blessed, the procession moves on to another center. The prayers are repeated, and additional houses are blessed. When

the job has been completed, the Spiritual Father sits down for a cup of tea, amid a deafening roar of firecrackers — the usual means for



celebrating such occasions. The catechumens gather to chat with the priest, and there is evidence of new warmth in their faith. They would like to prepare a banquet for the priest and the catechists, in honor of the event, but they are told to wait until baptism day.

The crowd accompanies the priest to the edge of the village. Amid bows and a chorus of "God bless you, Father," he takes his leave. As he follows the winding path through the rice grain that sways in the breeze, the missioner's steps are light. There is joy in his heart, and a song in his soul, for another village has reached its Day of Decision.

A touch of lament slows the tempo

of the song as the priest thinks of the few — for there are always a few — who came to the crossroads but then lacked the courage or the faith to abandon the old religion and take up the new. However, he rejoices, for this is the hour of those who have made the step. The missioner turns back towards the village and traces in the late afternoon air a cross of benediction for all its people.

Rice birds are flushed from the grain as the priest approaches; bold sparrows bathe and chirp near the path's edge as he trudges along. It has been a happy occasion. Another village has witnessed its D-Day. The priest finds himself reporting to the Lord, "Mission accomplished!"



Engrossed in every move of
D-Day are the ubiquitous
small boys, same in Shum-
kai as everywhere on earth.

Mister

TUMBO is the Kiswahili word for "tummy," but it also happens to be the name of our mailman. I call him "Bwana," which means "Mister" and which is given to superior people only. Mister Tumbo is an African version of Kipling's famous Gunga Din.

The people here have to go through a four-year course in preparation for baptism. Tumbo and his wife had been studying for six years. The couple were finally allowed to enter the last six months of training, this year. Learning comes hard to my Bwana Tumbo.

At the quiz before baptism, Tumbo's wife impressed us by rattling off correct answers with precision. Tumbo himself was as mixed up as usual, and he had the whole class in an uproar as he tried to untangle himself from his answers.

Finally, in desperation, he turned his big eyes on me and said: "Padri, I am all mixed up! My heart is going pup-pup-pup-pup."

But Mister Tumbo knew enough. When we announced that he would be baptized, his smile was something to see! I believe that even the angels were smiling. All day he wandered about in a sort of daze, receiving congratulations on his success.

Tumbo is a very efficient mailman. It has been his custom twice a week, before six o'clock in the morning,



by William J. Collins

Tumbo

to come to our house, take the mail bag, trudge seven miles to Musoma, get the mail, and trudge back. We have had other mail boys; they usually wandered around Musoma for hours, returning here at dusk. But not Mister Tumbo — he was always back by noon.

He may be as dumb as an ox, my Bwana Tumbo, but his love of his family, his devotion to his duty, and his tenacity, have won him a secure place in my heart. Only once did he ask for anything, and that was some cloth for an outfit for his little son.

I made him a proposition: I would buy the cloth, and have it made into a suit, if Tumbo would pay for it by not taking his salary — about twelve cents a week. Bwana grinned agreement. He was happy to obtain the cloth. For about ten weeks, he came faithfully to get our mail. Never a word did he say about his salary. That attitude was so unusual, that before he had cleared his debt, I marked the account as settled. Tumbo never knew how much he owed: he left the calculations entirely to me.

Now, after baptism, Tumbo will leave the mission and return to his home. We shall miss his cheerful smile, his prompt appearance with the mail. But I am glad he was finally baptized. Mister Tumbo is going to make a good Christian!

Japan's War Veterans Get a New Look

Japan's New Scout Leaders

*J*TWAS MORNING at the Junkt-
yo-ji Temple in Nagahama,
Japan. The early sun beat its
hot rays on the tile roof of this an-
cient shrine. Inside, a group of young
men sat listening as an erect, elderly
man spoke with fervor and intensity:

"For four days we have camped
together. For four days we have
studied together, have played and
planned together, have worked and
eaten together. Now this has come to
an end. Now we go forth to lead our
youth, to give them the fruit of all
that we hold dear: our courage, our
knowledge, our devotion, our love of
God, and our love of neighbor. I am
an old man. The future is in your
hands. So, until we meet again—"

The speaker suddenly
paused. Then, turning
his smiling eyes on me,
he asked, "Father, will
you say the closing
prayer?"

I arose, bowed, stood
erect, and spoke: "May
the Great Scoutmaster
of all good scouts be with
us until we meet again."

I had said that same
prayer many times be-

fore, in Hawaii; but today, in Japan, it took on a new meaning. The man who had invited me to pray was Mr. Chuhachi, leader of the Boy Scout League in Japan. Surrounding me were thirty-two Japanese war veterans. Their average age was twenty-five, and they are the men on whom the new Japan is being erected.

There was Kuchiro Hasimoto, a former Japanese sailor, aged twenty-two, who would return to his boat on the morrow, to earn his family's support by fishing. In the evenings he would teach his Scouts the Morse Code; on Sundays he would take them on hikes.

In the second row sat Sojo Hara, aged thirty-one. He is called "Hiking Boy" because he believes that the best way to combat juvenile delinquency is to take his Scouts on long hikes. Hiking Boy says that, from August, 1944, until the termination of the war, he hiked over two thousand miles doing guard duty on Wake Island and New Guinea.

Hiroshi Takebayashi



by Laurence Enright

believes that the study of plants is the best scouting subject. He should know. It was his scouting experience and knowledge that saved his life and the lives of seventy-eight Japanese companions in Burma, when they ran out of food and had to live for sixty days by eating only the grasses found growing there.

Then there is Yasugi Kunso, a candy maker from Osato, aged twenty-six. As a returning soldier, he tried to make an impression on the hometown bosses with his new ideals. Inertia proved hard to overcome — but he will try again. Tsune Iwata, also twenty-six, a teacher, knows better now how to teach democracy, because he has now seen democracy at work.

Michio Kunitatsu, aged twenty, is acquainted with hardship because the only way he could pay his way through college was by telling children's stories on the street corners of Kyoto. He will now try to help those children who helped him.

"Safety first" is the program Takaichi Fukase, aged twenty-five, will spread among Japanese youth.

No More Curtains on the Window

The youngsters in Father Gallagher's First Communion class had learned a lot about preparing their souls and even their bodies for the great event. Several little girls came into the pastor's house the day before. Marie spied the curtains. "What is that cloth on the window?" she cried. "That's a curtain, to make the room look nice," answered the priest. "But it would make me a dress for tomorrow, and I have none," said Marie. And so there is no curtain on Father Gallagher's window, now.

— *Father Edwin J. McCabe, Kweilin, China.*

OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.**

good air can be found only close to the ground."

There are others, too. Sineuchi Mizoi, aged twenty-three, a post-office clerk, promises that he will do a real job in re-educating Japanese youth. All kinds of men came to our Scoutmaster course: there were even eight young Buddhist priests, who would climb astride their bicycles and return to their seminary.

For the four days, we were Scouts again, with renewed ideals. We knew the tremendous task that was before us. But each of us knew that it was worth every difficulty, every effort.

And so we said good-by, bowed, shook each other's left hand in Scout fashion, and said, "Until we meet again."

"I saw what safety did for me in the smoke and flames of Osaka," Takaichi told me. "Through the knowledge gained in scouting, I was able to save my own life and the lives of hundreds of women and children, when I forced them to lie with their faces on the ground. I had learned as a Boy Scout that, in smoke and fire,

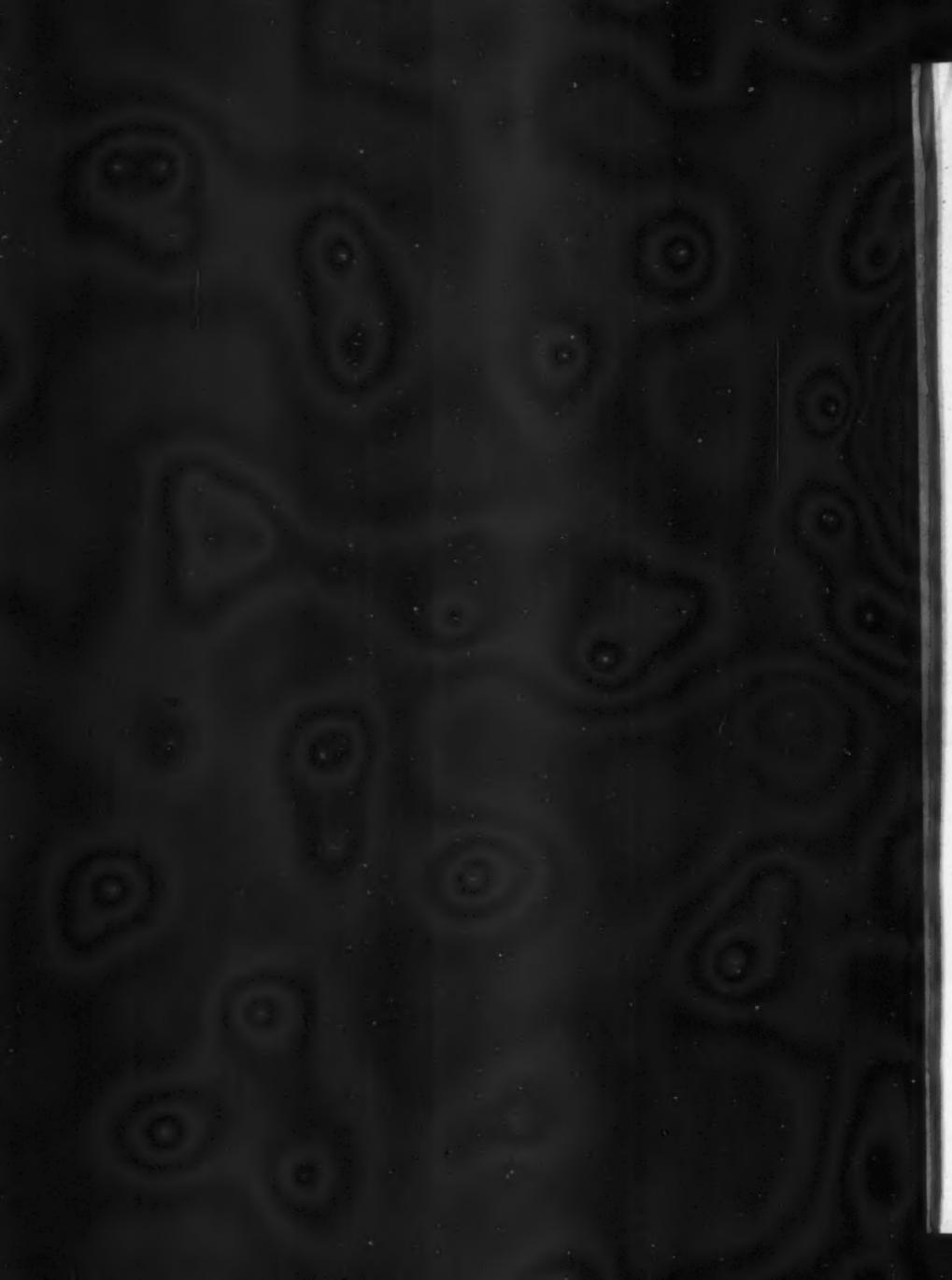


Maryknoll's representative
in Lima, Father William R.
McCarthy of Waterbury, Conn.

Saints of Peru at Glen Ellyn. High above the main altar in the beautiful old church of Santa Domingo, in Lima, are the relics of several saints native to Peru — Saint Rose of Lima, Blessed Martin de Porres, and Blessed Juan Masiás. Out from Peru, that land so rich in tradition and culture, to the young and vigorous United States, relics of two of these saints journeyed last autumn. When the cornerstone of Maryknoll's new seminary at Glen Ellyn was laid, a capsule from each of thirty-six nations was placed within it. In the capsule for Peru, went the precious mementos from Lima.

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by Thomas P. Collins

WILBUR

HIS NAME is Wilbur. He is one of Padre Ambrose Graham's best friends. But he is a four-legged friend. Wilbur is the parish dog of Porvenir, Bolivia.

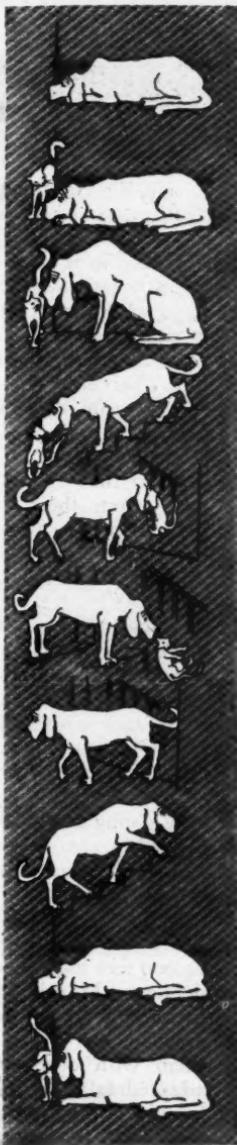
Wilbur was born at the central mission of Riberalta and was brought to Cobija by plane when still a pup. Everyone — especially the children — liked him. For that reason he was given the name "Wilbur," a word that the people here are unable to pronounce. We believed that such a name would keep the dog from being lured away.

However, just when Wilbur was leaving the pup stage, he abandoned the Cobija house. Father Walter Valladon had been visiting at Cobija, and when he left to return to his own mission at Porvenir, Wilbur followed him — thirty miles through the jungle. Since that day, Wilbur spends all his time following Padres between Porvenir and Cobija, and back again.

It doesn't matter if a visiting priest has been only a few hours in Porvenir. Let him set out for Cobija — and Wilbur trails right along, happy as a lark. The strange thing is that Wilbur will follow only the Padres. And when the Padres are traveling in the jungle region, they wear traveling clothes. How can Wilbur tell that they are priests?

One might think that, being a parish dog, Wilbur would drop into church occasionally to take a snooze. Other dogs do, but not Wilbur. True, he takes an occasional look through the doorway, to see if everything is going along well, but never once has he dared enter.

When Father Valladon had to leave Porvenir on account of illness, Wilbur took up lodgings in an adjacent house for a couple of months. As soon as Father Graham arrived in Porvenir to take over, Wilbur came back "on duty." This is all the more remarkable because, during the months when the priest's house was closed, Wilbur had lived with the local butcher!



THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

Baranquilla is a port city of Colombia. Recently two gentlemen of Baranquilla came to Maryknoll to ask, in the name of the bishop, that we undertake a school for boys in that city. Their entreaties for help prompt me to write these few words. The fear in Baranquilla is the same as in many other parts of Latin America: the fear that people will be weaned away from their ancient Faith to radical groups and alien doctrines, in part through the medium of the English language.

Another heart-rending appeal has just come from Bishop Dettman, the new Bishop of Puno, Peru. This young Dominican prelate has fine ideas and ambitious plans for the region about Lake Titicaca. There is a woeful lack of priests and Sisters, and the Seventh-Day Adventists are very strong in this section. While in Puno last year, I was told that this sect has about one hundred and twenty schools on the altiplano between Potosi and Cuzco.

This portion of southern Peru is 14,000 feet high. Because of altitude sickness, Maryknoll has had to transfer a dozen priests from this area in six years, and to replace them with other missioners better adapted to the climate. Despite this handicap, our priests continue to do good work.

In South America last year, one of its outstanding bishops told the writer that the next ten years would be crucial for that continent. A hundred million souls can be saved or lost for the Church, according to the guidance rendered them. While most communities in the United States lack personnel to meet the barrage of requests for new educational and social projects, strong faith will prompt many to make sacrifices.

A Mother Superior some years ago faced many difficult problems for her community, not the least of which were an unfinished motherhouse and an entirely inadequate personnel. She presented her dilemma to a priest, and he suggested as a solution that she accept for her community a mission overseas. With commendable courage, this zealous religious arranged for her community to labor in the Far East. On their next meeting, years later, the priest inquired of the Mother Superior how her community fared. "Very well, indeed!" she replied. "Our mission in Asia solved all our problems. It stirred new zeal in us, brought new candidates, and inspired in our friends new charity for our many needs."



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The Wonder of Make-Believe

This young miss, dressed as a Maryknoll Sister, took part in a recent mission pageant in St. Paul, Minn. As world-conscious Archbishop John Gregory Murray looks on, Maryknoll's Father Rans shows where the young lady may go if she becomes a real Maryknoll Sister when she grows up.

by Joseph W. Regan

A Hero in Every Hamlet



I HAVE been surprised many times at the way people come into the Church.

Fourteen years ago, I was a missioner in the tiny village of Pantien. There were over a hundred Catholics in the village, and all of them were descendants of one man, T'ao Ting Hua. That old Chinese had become a Catholic thirty years before. He had heard that there was a Catholic missioner eighty miles away, so he had walked the eighty miles to seek the French missioner and invite him to accept the T'ao family into the Church.

When the missioner went to the village, he was astonished by what he found. There was an entire family well instructed in the Faith. Members of that family had studied catechisms that the old man had brought back from the Catholic mission, and twenty of them were baptized the first time they even saw a priest. To date, that family has given one priest and two Sisters to the Church; and it has two boys in the seminary now, and three girls in the convent.

The market town of T'ung An is five miles from Pantien. When I was at Pantien, there were no Catholics at T'ung An. Now that market is the largest parish in the whole prefecture, and its missioner says Mass in more than twenty villages in the neighborhood.

When I lived in Pantien, a Catholic family moved into the mountains behind T'ung An. They were good

Catholics, and the man of the house came to the mission occasionally. One day he told me that a woman for whom he had been getting medicine had just died. I asked him if he had baptized her, and he said he did not know how. Accordingly, I instructed him, in view of any future emergencies, just how to baptize.

A month later, I called at the good man's house. I was shocked to find that he had baptized a dozen children — none of whom was sick!

There was only one thing to do, and that was to work hard to convert the children's parents. After many visits and many prayers on the part of the missioner, the parents became interested in the Church. Soon they were baptized, and they and their families formed the foundation of the parish of T'ung An. They were the first converts in that region, and the parish might not exist today if that zealous Catholic, Mr. Yang, had not misunderstood!

Chuanhsien is one of the large parishes of the prefecture. Annually, for the last six or seven years, Chu-

anhsien has had an excellent record of conversions. The baptisms were really the fruit of the efforts of a good Catholic named Peng, whose sincere humility, tremendous energy, and good judgement have helped to develop a thriving, prosperous parish. Peng is the best catechist in the whole prefecture, and one of the best in the whole of Kwangsi Province.

When I arrived at Laipo, about ten years ago I first met Peng. He was an intelligent and able man, but

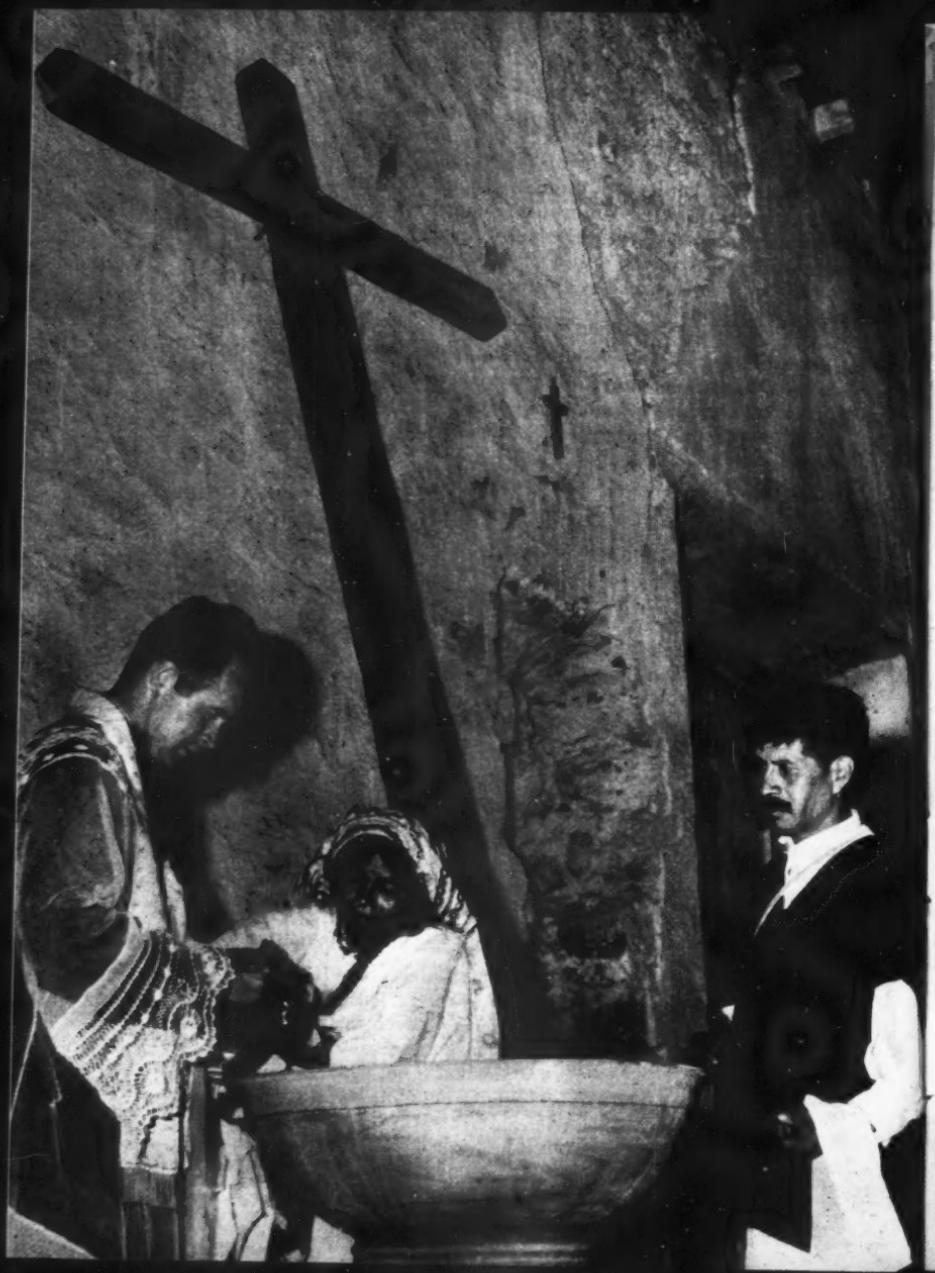
had acquired a very bad habit: he was addicted to smoking opium.

I became interested in Peng, and often spoke to him about giving up his bad habit. One day he came to me in tears; he had nothing to eat, and his family was starving. I offered to help him on one condition—that he make an attempt to give up his opium smoking. He finally agreed.

It was rough on Peng for a few days. But in about two weeks, he was completely cured. He swore he would never smoke opium again. Eventually Catechist Peng became our convert-maker extraordinary.

OUR COVER. Except among the well-to-do, baby carriages are not the fashion in Maryknoll's Latin-American and Oriental territories. Our cover this month shows the usual means of transporting baby: a long shawl and a strong back. Baby is shy, but none the less curious, as the dark eye peering out of its hiding place testifies. This Peruvian mother is still young, but poor food, hard work, and the habit of chewing coca leaves, have aged her far beyond her years.





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Martin and Mateo

A portrait of Soloma's two men Friday

by J. Edmund McClear

THE two choicest morsels on the staff of the Soloma mission, here in the Guatemalan mountains, are Martin and Mateo. These gentlemen are my best catechists and certainly are Heaven-sent. Their similarities are two: both are of pure Mayan Indian stock, and both are daily communicants. From there on, exists a sharp divergence.

Martin, of the toothless smile, is the older of the two and is the more likable. He can neither read nor write, but he has a good command of Spanish and of the Indian dialect known here as *Cajubal* (Con-whoball). The fact that he is illiterate has more or less forced him to train his memory to a high degree. When using Martin as an interpreter for a sermon, sometimes I forget to stop; but whether I speak five or twenty-five sentences, it makes no difference to him. Almost verbatim, he gives my sentences back, translated for the congregation.

Martin's endurance on the trail is remarkable. No matter how far he

Mateo stands by as Father Edmund McClear of Detroit, Michigan, pours the saving waters in the gaunt baptistery of the old church of Soloma, in the remote Guatemalan highlands.

must walk, he never complains. After a ten-hour trip, which would be tiring even on a horse, he trots in smiling. Immediately he proceeds to take care of the Padre before attending to himself, even if he is soaking wet.

This Indian would make a marvelous golf caddy, as his eyes are very sharp. He'll point out ahead to a certain spot on a mountain, to show me the house to which we are going. "It is right in the center of that patch of corn near the trees," he will explain.

I can usually see the mountain, but it will be at least another hour or two before I can make out the patch of corn and the trees!

On a recent trip, Martin pointed to a little hut far up near the top of a mountain. "The owner has not yet let his sheep out of the corral," he remarked casually. What eyes! For me, to determine that the corral was still full of sheep would have been a feat even with binoculars.

Recently Martin's wife was sick, and evidently her condition was serious. She had all the symptoms of appendicitis. I began immediately, with sulfa and then with penicillin, to treat her for peritonitis, fearing that the appendix had ruptured. Finally Martin told me that an abscess was forming on the patient's

side, so I gave him a rather potent medicine to draw it to a head. The condition remained doubtful for a day or so, but eventually the abscess broke. We kept the sick woman here in the mountains for two weeks, but the wound wouldn't close. When Martin informed me that food particles were passing from the abscess, I decided that the thing to do was to get the patient to a hospital.

We have no airfield and not a road in the area on which a four wheeled vehicle can travel, so the first step was to take her on a stretcher to Tojquia. At four-thirty one morning, I gave her a good shot of morphine, and then sent her off in the care of six stretcher bearers. After a ten-hour jaunt, the group reached Tojquia, and we had our patient in the hospital by nightfall. The doctors operated and found that her intestines had burst. But she pulled through, and is at home again, hale and hearty. If Martin was a faithful helper before, he is my very loyal man Friday now.

Mateo, the other catechist, is built on entirely different lines. He can read and write and is about as smooth' an article as this country-side has produced. Apparently, when he was a boy, he determined never to work with his hands, although before I took him on as a catechist I had seen him cutting hair at *fiestas*.

Mateo has a pair of glasses, which I am sure he must have found, as I know that he has never been near an oculist. He wears the glasses for

effect only, and puts them away down on the end of his nose so that they won't impair his vision. Mateo is much more aggressive than Martin, and commands more respect from the people. He is what is known as the *maestro de choro*, and were the priest to leave these parts, Mateo would step in to his place, to care for some of the religious needs of

the people of the Saloma area.

His grasp of Catholicism is most satisfying, but even more remarkable is his patient, eight-hour-a-day grind, going over and over the matter with those whom he is instructing. Although almost none of the Indians can read or write, they finish his course with an excellent command of the prayers.

Together, Martin and Mateo give instructions to prospective brides and grooms. The course is a two-week one, of eight hours a day. When a couple have finished their ninety-six hours, the result is most consoling: Sunday after Sunday, they return to receive Holy Communion. About seventy marriages have been celebrated to date, in spite of the rigors of the instruction period. Moreover, these two catechists have worked to increase general Communions to over five hundred a month, and to prepare children for First Communion.

Give us a prayer now and then, that God may bless this little community. The hearts of my people are good. They respond quickly to all that I propose for them.

You can carry on
the work of helping to convert the world, even after your death, by remembering Maryknoll in your will. Write us for free will booklet.

WHERE IS IT?

Quiz

Sharpen up your memory and see how many of the Maryknoll mission lands described below you can get. Clues are progressive; point score is behind each hint. Take score of hint that gives you the answer. Then check bottom of page.



1. Land of Contrasts

The first social-security system in the Western Hemisphere was begun here (25) . . . The "George Washington" of this nation was the son of an Irishman (20) . . . The capital city is named after a saint (15) . . . It embraces the tropical and polar regions (10) . . . It is famous for its wines and nitrates (5).

2. Land of Adventure

This is the big game country—the home of elephant and zebra (25) . . . Once controlled by Germany, it is now governed by England through mandate (20) . . . The main language is Swahili (15) . . . Maryknollers work among the Luo people (10) . . . Its boundaries extend from the Indian Ocean to Lake Tanganyika (5).

3. Land of Stovepipe Hats

The natives here can rightly call themselves Chosen people (25) . . . Its land is now divided between two world powers (20) . . . Its men wear stovepipe hats (15) . . . Many Christians have been martyred here for their faith (10) . . . Before the war it was called Maryknoll's most fruitful mission (5).

4. Land of the Sun God

Spain once called this land her second most wealthy colony (25) . . . Almost half of its population is pure-blooded Indian (20) . . . Quinine and cocaine were discovered growing here (15) . . . The oldest university in the Western Hemisphere is found in its capital (10) . . . It was the home of St. Rose of Lima (5).



ANSWERS: 1. Chile; 2. Tanganyika; 3. Korea; 4. Peru.

How About YOU?

HAVE YOU MADE YOUR WILL? If you are like most of us, you may reply: "No, I just haven't gotten around to it yet. Besides, I'm not rich; I haven't a great deal of money or property to leave, so a will won't matter much, anyway."

That is like saying, "I have no very exciting news to write to my mother, so why bother to write to her at all?" Your mother wishes to hear from you, even if you haven't just been elected president. Making a will is a matter of affection and kindness and justice, as well as of law and property.

To die "intestate"—that is, without making a will—is always troublesome, and may even be tragic, for those who survive. If there is no will, property comes under the jurisdiction of the courts, and it must be divided according to definite rules laid down in the law. Seldom does such division meet the needs of the family.

Only you can make your will. Only you can divide your property fairly.

Only you can see that all needs are met.

Why take the risk? Now—today—while you are "of sound mind and disposing memory," make your will! Make a separate bequest for a specified number of Masses for yourself. Then make a special bequest to Maryknoll, a stringless gift, to be used where it will be needed most and where it will do the most good.

How should you go about this? There are three easy steps: (1) List your property; (2) list your heirs; (3) see a lawyer.

A good Catholic, considering how to leave his or her property, will remember family and friends. The Christian has, by his special quality, certain obligations as a follower of Christ. He will think of charity—to his parish, to diocesan and national institutions, and to the world-wide Church.

How to Make a Bequest to Maryknoll

In your will, use the following form in leaving property to Maryknoll:—"I hereby give, devise, and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York, (Here insert amount or description of legacy or property.) This legacy is to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.; for the purposes for which it is incorporated."

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., New York.

I shall be interested to receive your FREE booklet *The Making of a Catholic Will*.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Check here for a free booklet about the Maryknoll Annuity.



TOONERVILLE LIMITED

by Robert F. Fransen

THE FIRST TIME I had occasion to make a trip to my little mission station of Villa Bella, in Bolivia, I thought of the comic strip Toonerville Trolley. To go from Guayaramerin, my principal mission, to Villa Bella, I cross the Mamore River and ride part way, to Villa Murtinho, on a train that runs for two hundred miles through our section of the Amazon Valley. There probably isn't another railroad within a thousand miles.

At ten o'clock the little engine gives a short toot, and we're off. The coaches, two of them, are crowded, and all the passengers are having a wonderful time. Across from me, in the double seat, is an old-timer who chatters away in Portuguese. I make an effort to get at least the gist of what he is saying, and at the same time I try to keep my legs at a safe distance from the indignant goose tied under my seat. For a moment I am distracted by a branch from the undergrowth, which thrusts itself

through the open window and into my face.

The conductor comes along.

"When shall we arrive in Villa Murtinho, Senor?" I ask.

"Well, now that is hard to say. We must stop in Jacare, to let off those two steers belonging to Luiz Maranhao, and again in San Antonio, to buy beans if the passengers are to eat tonight. But if the engine doesn't jump the track, as it did last week, I think we shall be in Villa Murtinho within two or three hours, God willing."

So we putter along, stopping here and there to let off a passenger, to pick up wood for the locomotive, or to take on a newcomer from the jungle. At last we reach Villa Murtinho. I wave good-by to my fellow passengers as the cars struggle around the bend. And I am left wondering if my favorite train will survive to make the return trip four days later, to carry me back to Guayaramerin.



Forever Africa



"AFRICANS really do not want our Western ways," explains a missioner. "They desire desperately to be taught to read and write; they want a few of our tools; they wish to advance greatly in culture. But they do not wish to be like us. In Tanganyika the natives have an expression for our accomplishments: 'Lufu duhu,' which means 'All but death.' That is, the white man can overcome everything except the one thing that really changes everything."

Africa will remain Africa. It will not be changed into a magnified Harlem.

A PHOTO STORY ➤



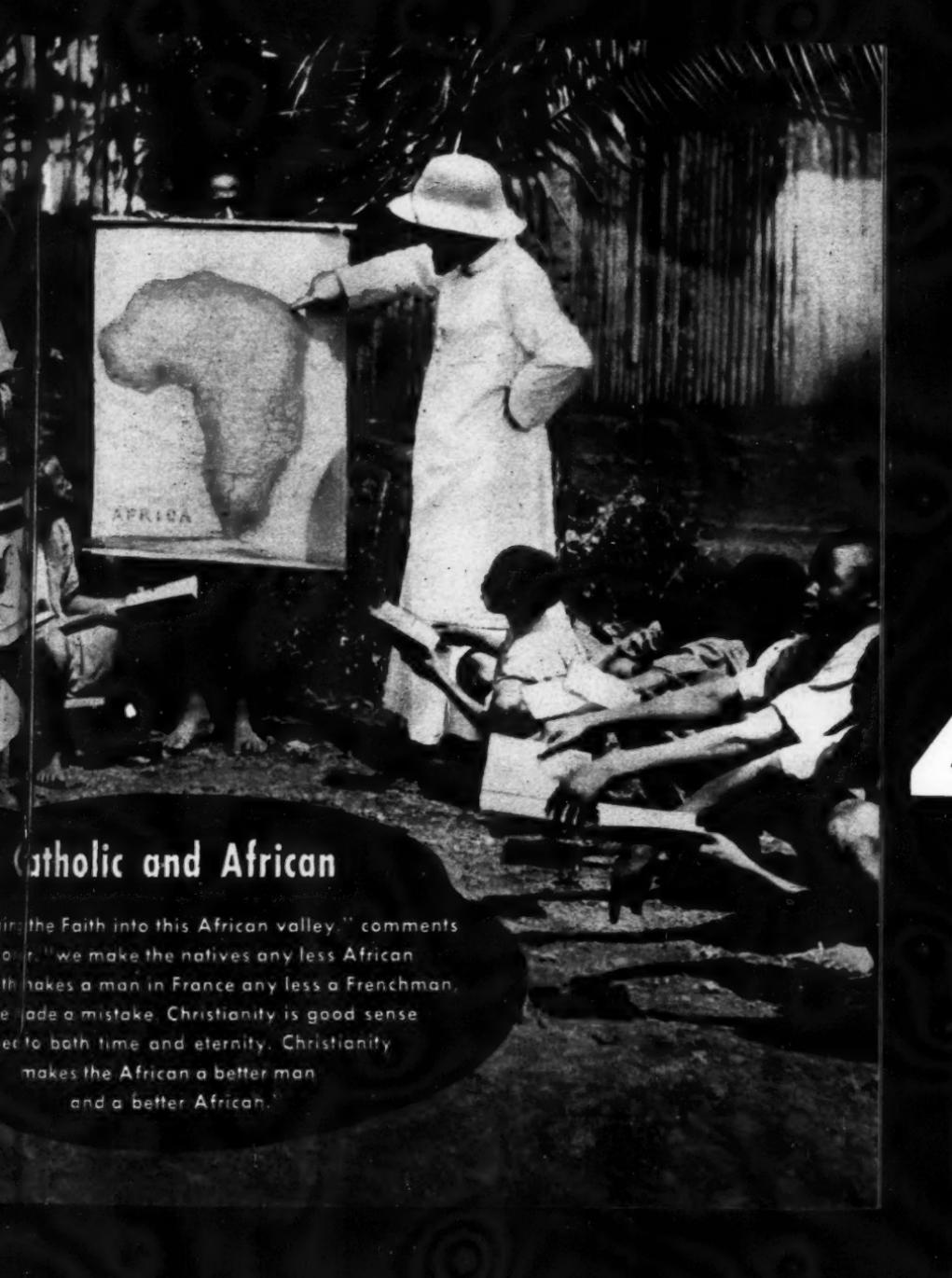


The peoples of Africa, and of Asia, are as diverse as the peoples of Europe. The Catholic African has a true knowledge of God and his worship; and in a land seared by slavery, he has learned that educated men may do humble tasks without humiliation.



Cathol

"If, in bringing the Faith to a mission, we are more than the Faith makes us, we have made a mistake. If the Faith makes us more than we are, we have made an

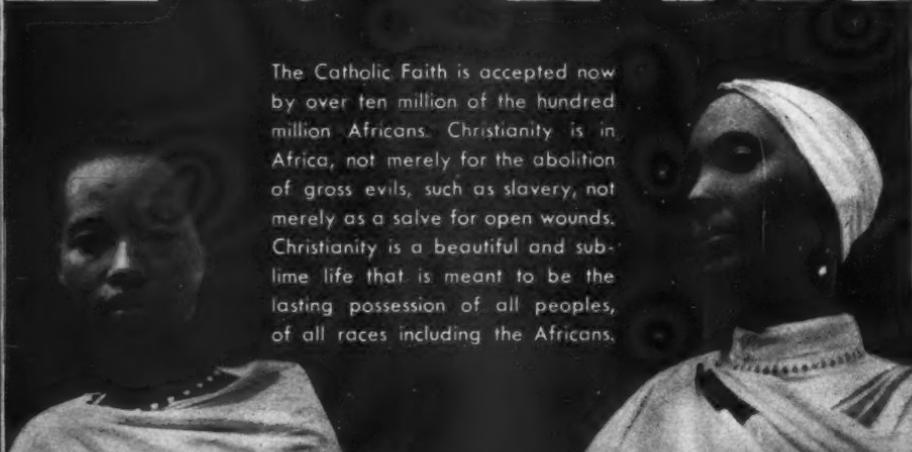


Catholic and African

"... bring the Faith into this African valley," comments
one. "We make the natives any less African
than makes a man in France any less a Frenchman.
We made a mistake. Christianity is good sense
applied to both time and eternity. Christianity
makes the African a better man
and a better African."



The Catholic Faith is accepted now by over ten million of the hundred million Africans. Christianity is in Africa, not merely for the abolition of gross evils, such as slavery, not merely as a salve for open wounds. Christianity is a beautiful and sublime life that is meant to be the lasting possession of all peoples, of all races including the Africans.



by J. Gerard Greene

I, CONCHITA

I, CONCHITA, was born in an Indian village, in the heart of the Mayan country in Mexico. Years earlier my father's father had withdrawn to that wilderness with his people, in the hope that there they could satisfy their fierce desire for independence.

So in the forest I was born, and there I spent most of my life. In my jungle village, I scarcely left the house. There was no place to go, except the corn patch or the hunting grounds, and they were the provinces of my father and brothers. With my mother and sisters, I ground corn with rocks, drew water from the well, and scrubbed clothing in the washtub that my brother had hewn from a log.

We Indians all spoke our native Mayan language. Nobody would dare speak a syllable of Spanish, even if he or she knew any. I did not go to school, because there was no school. I did learn many things from my father. I knew every call of the birds, the hoot of an owl, the grunt of the wild pig, the scream of the jaguar. I knew all kinds of wild flowers and plants.

We lived simply. Harvest time was our big feast time. Then the wild turkey was killed. Then we sang and, dressed in native costume, we danced our ancient Mayan dances.

I did not know much about religion, because there was no one to teach me. We did have a cross in our

village, and we venerated it. The village prayer leader would speak to this cross in the manner that he had learned from the Blackrobe, many years earlier. But what the cross meant, I did not know.

Thus I grew from childhood to girlhood, and then womanhood. At the proper time, my parents accepted an offer of marriage for me. My first child was a girl, and what a joy! But infant life in the jungle is handicapped, and my fragile baby died. Another girl was born to take the first's place.

Then general trouble started again for our Indian community. War councils met daily. Although the men did everything that bravery could do, we Indians were unable to resist. My father-in-law, head of the family to which marriage had brought me, decreed that we should move to a more peaceful land. So we trekked out of our beloved jungle, and settled near a beautiful lake, in a town called Bacalar.

Here in this town, the houses are held together with nails, and they have windows. Who could have dreamed of such a world? Down the street is the village school, where my four children read and write, and learn of many wonders. But best of all in the village is the Church of San Joaquin. There I have learned the prayers said by our prayer leader in the jungle, and there I have come to know the cross of our Saviour.

**JUST A BRICK,
but every brick helps!**



1

**More priests are
needed in mission
lands.**

2

**You can help an
American boy to
become a foreign-
mission priest.**

3

**By making it
possible for him
to be a foreign
missioner, you
will share in his
work—and his
reward.**

Own a Brick in Our Seminary Wall

MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS are laboring for souls in China, Korea, Japan; in Africa; in Mexico, Guatemala, Peru, Bolivia, Chile; and in the Hawaiian Islands. More priests are needed. Maryknoll, with your help, is building a new seminary at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago, to train 400 American young men for the mission field. The problem of obtaining funds to go on with construction is a big one. Will you help? A little from many will mean much.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.

To help an American boy become a Maryknoll priest:

I enclose \$ _____ toward the fund needed to build the Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

I enclose \$ _____ for your Brick-a-Month Club. Please send me a monthly reminder.

My Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____



The House with Rubber Walls

by John C. Murrett

WHEN FIRE destroyed the Sanko dormitories in Kyoto, 160 students had no place to sleep. As a professor at both the University of Kyoto and Sanko, I felt I had a stake in those boys. Consequently, I invited them into my cottage-built-for-two, on the Sanko grounds.

Now we live like one family. All rise at six. Although no student is required to attend religious exercises, all are at morning prayers and Mass at half past six.

The students manage the house. Each in turn, for one day, rings the rising bell, opens the door, and sounds the call for exercises, until the time for lights out at night.

There are four hours of study daily. In the recreation hour, the young men feast on my phonograph records. On Sundays some visit at home; others go to theaters or parks, or to the mountains for climbing. These students are a fine group!

The only expense my guests have is the food bill. The matter of food is handled by our housekeeper, a widow who takes a motherly interest in all. Friends in the United States send money for wood to heat the house, and for gas and electricity.

Although I teach twenty-nine hours a week, the official monthly income would not buy a carton of cigarettes.

Only five of the boys with me are Catholic, but almost all are hungry for religious truth. They quickly grasp the value of a Christian life.

There is much religious activity here in Kyoto. On a recent Sunday, for instance, a great celebration was held at the Nishi Honganji Temple, the finest in Kyoto and the largest Buddhist temple in Japan. It was the 450th anniversary of the death of Rennyo, one of Nishi Honganji's great abbots.

Such occasions get newspaper attention, as do religious events in the Western world. One Kyoto paper said: "Rennyo lived from 1415 to 1499. As a sort of Buddhist St. Paul he, in his epistles, brought the esoteric subtleties of Buddhism to the people and, in return, they flocked to his temple, seeking salvation."

Such is the religious climate in which the Kyoto students work. I have a tremendous waiting list of applicants to live here. I'd love to squeeze in every student in Kyoto, but already my house needs rubber walls.

EDITORIAL:

China Learns in Adversity

Unusual Virtue

The Chinese people are suffering. A global war decimated them in the first place. A civil war continues to divide and harass them most cruelly, and that at a time when they need all their resources and energies for the work of reconstruction.

Refugees add their large contribution to the chaotic distress. Thousands throng in every large city.

**Archbishop
Costantini
of
Rome:**



We pray that the Lord will cause the storm of hatred which has been loosed over so many missions to cease soon. We are in a crisis that portrays the dilemma expressed by Our Holy Father Pope Pius XII — "Either with Christ or against Christ." May Christ restore His blessed kingdom among the faithful and spread it among the infidels, His kingdom of peace, of work, of liberty, of love, of Christian brotherhood.

✠ *Celso Costantini, D.D.*

They dress in rags, occupy old cemeteries and other waste spaces, eat what they can obtain from relief lines, sleep almost anywhere, and swarm everywhere. They come from the Communist-dominated areas, leaving their native villages and little possessions behind them, and considering themselves fortunate to escape with their lives. There are no refugees going the other way; that is, from normal China to the invaded lands of agrarian reform.

Meanwhile, a solicitous but overburdened (and over-criticized) Government is fully conscious of the woes of the people, but is too hampered by the drains and strains of war to make great headway in alleviating those woes. There is thus no hope of quick relief in sight. Put all this together, and it makes an accumulation of troubles like Pelion piled on Ossa; it is a composite picture of nation-wide misery.

But is China downhearted? Are its millions found to be sad, sullen, depressed, and discouraged, as might be expected in the circumstances? If so, one would never deduce it from the bustling energy, ready smiles, and imperturbable good humor to be met at every turn, to be seen on every street corner, to be experienced in every encounter with

rich and poor, with merchant, farmer, and coolie. China is absorbing its troubles, as usual. The struggle is costing a lot in its woeful drain on the flesh and blood of a good and deserving people, and in its tragic negation of all their wistful aspirations; but even when it takes the hope out of their hearts, it cannot take the smile off their faces.

Bankrupt Age

The bankruptcy of a world philosophy came at a bad time for China. It came at a period when China had begun to change for the first time in three thousand years, and when she was looking for, and stood in need of, some stable and basic religious and political philosophy to guide, mold, and develop her in the constructive paths of order and peace. What she found in this emergency was an already discredited system of thought, which based human progress on materialism while parading itself, as a rule, under the more polite names of trade, science, and education.

China is not shallow. Her people are reflective. They know in their hearts that great nations must be built, not on things, but on men. The deception practiced on the Chinese, consciously or unconsciously, is a thing of the past.

There must be some basic reason for the unconquerable durability of the Chinese people. Perhaps it is

Maryknoll

The Field Afar

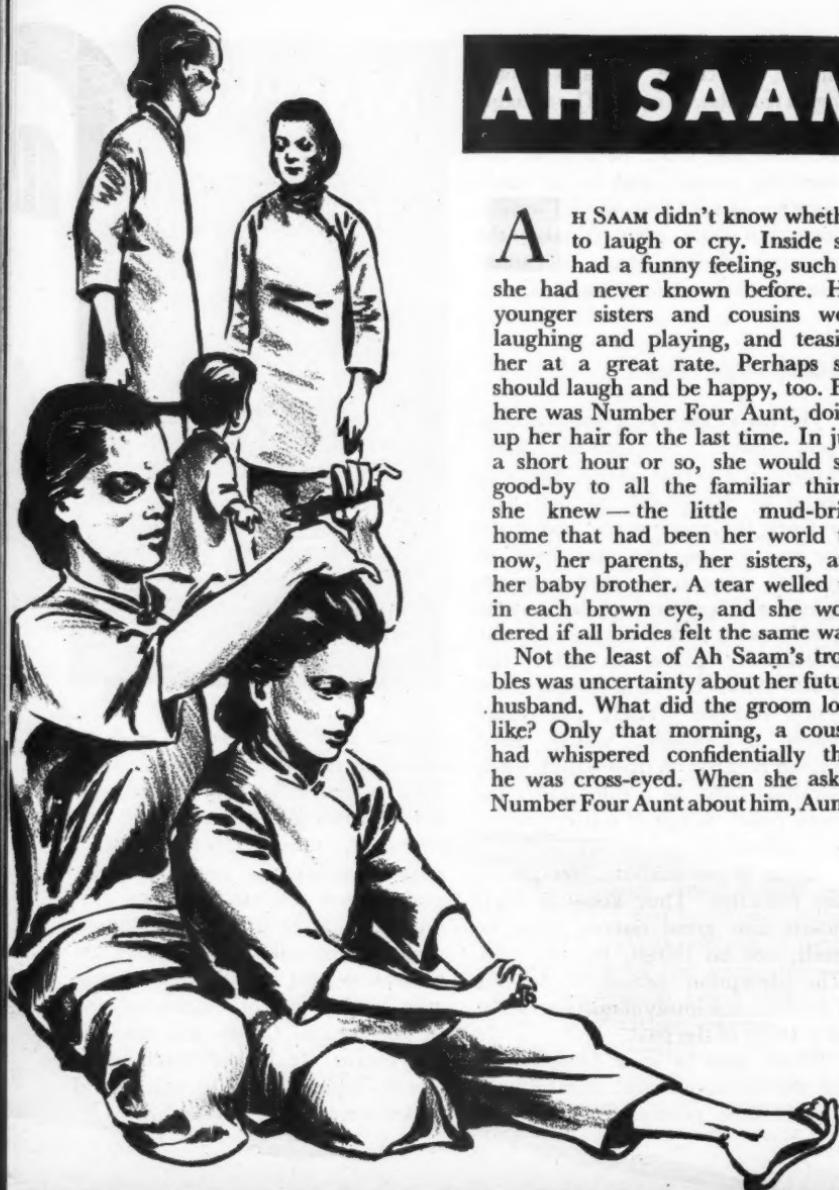
Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

because God has preserved and reserved them for some great destiny. That a people so highly endowed with superior gifts of intelligence and character, proud inheritors of a great civilization, and fortunate possessors of a vast, rich, and productive country as their habitation, should eventually achieve national well-being and world greatness, is only a question of employing the proper means. China will discover the means. It is the teaching of Christ, which alone in this world makes strong and virtuous men.



AH SAAM:

AH SAAM didn't know whether to laugh or cry. Inside she had a funny feeling, such as she had never known before. Her younger sisters and cousins were laughing and playing, and teasing her at a great rate. Perhaps she should laugh and be happy, too. But here was Number Four Aunt, doing up her hair for the last time. In just a short hour or so, she would say good-by to all the familiar things she knew — the little mud-brick home that had been her world till now, her parents, her sisters, and her baby brother. A tear welled up in each brown eye, and she wondered if all brides felt the same way.

Not the least of Ah Saam's troubles was uncertainty about her future husband. What did the groom look like? Only that morning, a cousin had whispered confidentially that he was cross-eyed. When she asked Number Four Aunt about him, Aunty

M: the Story of a Life

Even in China
truth is stranger
than fiction

by James E. Fitzgerald

said that he was over thirty years of age. To fifteen-year-old Ah Saam, that seemed to put her husband-to-be in the same class with Grandpa! One of her boy cousins claimed that he saw the groom once on a market day, and that he was a hunchback, much shorter than Ah Saam. How awful, she thought, if she were taller than her husband!

Eventually her hair was done up, and her cheeks properly rouged. She put on the bridal suit of bright red silk, and the red silk slippers she had made and embroidered herself. Then the brass clarinets could be heard coming up the valley, preceding the red sedan chair.

What a fuss when the chair arrived outside the door! There were cakes and sweets from the groom's parents, to be distributed among Ah Saam's young relatives, and there were bunches of firecrackers to frighten off evil spirits. Number Four Aunt came and squatted in front of Ah Saam, who then climbed on Aunty's back. She was carried pickaback

out of the house, according to custom. This signified that a complete break was made with her home and family; not even the dust from the floor accompanied the bride.

When the procession arrived at the groom's home, Ah Saam's trousseau, which was carried on shoulder poles in advance of the bridal chair, was taken inside to be examined by all the guests. The new mother-in-law quickly counted the number of cotton jackets and trousers, of towels and baskets. The bureau and mirror were carefully inspected to see if they came up to specifications. Meanwhile, the bashful groom was being pushed towards the bridal chair.

With much help and advice from the bystanders, the young man opened the door of the chair, reached in with a folded fan, and tapped Ah Saam on the shoulder. That was her first "beating" from her husband, to warn her that he was the boss, and that she should be a dutiful wife or there would be more and worse beatings to come. The groom then took his bride by the sleeve and led her out of the chair and into the house. Had Ah Saam only dared to peek through her beaded veil, she would have had her first glimpse of her husband, for they were then man and wife: her arrival at his door, in the wedding chair, made them so. Maidenly modesty forbade the bride to raise her eyes, and all she saw

of Ah Wing was a pair of leather shoes — somewhat too large, because they were borrowed from an uncle. Only after the ceremonial cup of sweetened tea had been handed around to all the family and guests, and it was time for bride and groom to take a sip from the same cup, did each see the other's face. Ah Saam blushed and quickly turned away. She was pleased, however, for her husband was young and handsome.

Ah Saam wasn't long in her new home before she learned that Mother-in-law was a scolding, sharp-tempered tyrant. Ah Saam was expected to know where all the things were stored in the dark corners of the house, and after being told to fetch something, she was scolded for taking a long time to find it.

If she made any inquiry, that brought forth a veritable torrent of scolding: "Use your eyes, you lazy child! Don't you know anything? Can't you do anything at all?"

One day in June, Ah Saam was told to carry into the house some of the newly hulled rice. The young wife picked up the heavy basket of rice. All her strength was needed, to carry it across the courtyard and into the house. Mother-in-law was sitting in the wide doorway, mending. She scolded Ah Saam for taking so long with her work, but the poor girl knew better than to offer an excuse. She set the basket of rice down and trudged wearily back to get the tray of rice bran. Mother-in-law rose to inspect the rice, and pushed

Occasionally we receive an anonymous offering without a name or address, so we are unable to acknowledge the gift. If you do not receive an acknowledgement of a letter, will you kindly let us know?

aside her low stool as she did so.

Ah Saam returned, carrying the big round tray before her, and being careful to keep it level, so as not to spill any of the precious bran. The tray was more than two feet in diameter, and it blocked her view. Because of it, she turned into the doorway without seeing the stool —

and stumbled over that obstruction. Unfortunately, she upset her mother-in-law's sewing basket, although by a difficult feat of juggling, she saved the tray of bran.

"Excuse me, Mother," she apologized. "I'll pick up your basket right away."

But Mother-in-law flew into a rage. "You stupid child!" she shouted. "Have you no eyes in your head? I'll teach you to remember your eyes!"

With that, the angry woman rushed at the innocent offender and, with two fingers extended and forked, stabbed her in the eyes. The fingers, with their sharp nails, each reached a target. Ah Saam fell to the ground, screaming with pain. The last thing her eyes ever saw was the hateful face of her mother-in-law. Her sight was totally destroyed.

With such a woman running the household, what followed was inevitable. Word was passed around the village that the new daughter-in-law was ill. The husband, Ah Wing, away at school, was told nothing, but soon Ah Saam's family was notified that she had died. Then one morning, just as the sky was beginning to

lighten, Mother-in-law slipped out the side door, leading blind Ah Saam by the hand. They hurried along the paths out of the valley before any of the neighbors were stirring, and reached the main road to Lintan Market as the sun came up over the hills.

"Now, you worthless creature," cried the mother-in-law, "here is your stick, and here is a rice bowl. See if you can beg enough to eat. You are good for nothing else!"

Mother-in-law walked away without another word. That is how blind Ah Saam became a beggar in Lintan Market, in the summer of 1926.

A few weeks later, Father Daniel McShane, a Maryknoller, at Loting, some twenty miles up the river, where he had recently started an orphanage, visited Lintan. On the Lintan water front, Father found Ah Saam. She was a pitiable sight by then; half starved, clothed in tatters, and suffering from wounded and infected eyes.

For Father McShane, apostle of abandoned children, the sight was a "call to arms." He asked Ah Saam if she would like to have a home with the Sisters; he told her she would be taken care of, and would never again need to beg on the streets. To the poor, blind outcast, that prospect seemed like a bit of heaven. The next evening she was safely sheltered in the Loting Mission.

Proper food and medical care gradually brought Ah Saam back to health. Under the loving care of the Maryknoll Sisters, her spirits were restored, too, and soon she was laughing and playing with the orphans when they toddled over to

where she might be sitting. As she learned to count her steps around the orphanage grounds and through the buildings, she learned, also, many other things. The Sisters told her about God and His blessed Mother, about heaven and the glorious life there that awaits faithful Christians. One day Ah Saam asked to be baptized. She received the name of Pauline, and from that day on, the loss of sight no longer seemed to worry her.

In the following year, Father McShane died of smallpox contracted from one of the abandoned babies he had picked up in the streets of Loting. He lies buried in the little mission he founded. That was twenty-two years ago. But Ah Saam, or Pauline, is still there today, as is the newly ordained missioner who followed Pauline to Loting by only two or three months — Father Robert Kennelly. He has been pastor of Loting since the death of Father McShane.

Pauline developed an unusual skill in handling the babies of the Loting orphanage, and one day she asked if she might have a foundling to raise all by herself. The Sisters were glad to let her try, for the special task would help to fill her long days. The first baby was a success, and every year since then, Pauline has had one special baby that she alone takes care of. She bathes it, dresses it, and even feeds it. The sightless foster mother holds the infant in her lap, with its tiny head in the crook of her left arm. Her left hand holds the bowl of rice, and her right hand passes lightly over the baby's face to line up the

mouth with the rice bowl; then chopsticks flick — and almost as if by magic, the hungry little mouth is full of rice.

One day, some years before the war, a terrific wind storm struck Loting. It was the tail of a typhoon that swept up the West River valley. All day long the wind roared, windows and doors rattled, tiles were blown off the roof, and the rain poured down in torrents. Towards evening the storm let up; and when time came for night prayers, the weather was clear enough for all the mission personnel to go to the chapel as usual.

The orphans were delighted to get out in the air after a day in the house, and they had a great time on the way to chapel. A large branch had been blown down across the path, and the older girls showed their prowess by jumping back and forth across it, while the smaller children ran around it. When the last bell rang, all hurried into church with never a thought for blind Pauline, who was following the procession, carrying Baby Josephine in her arms.

Of all the infants she had raised, Josephine was her favorite.

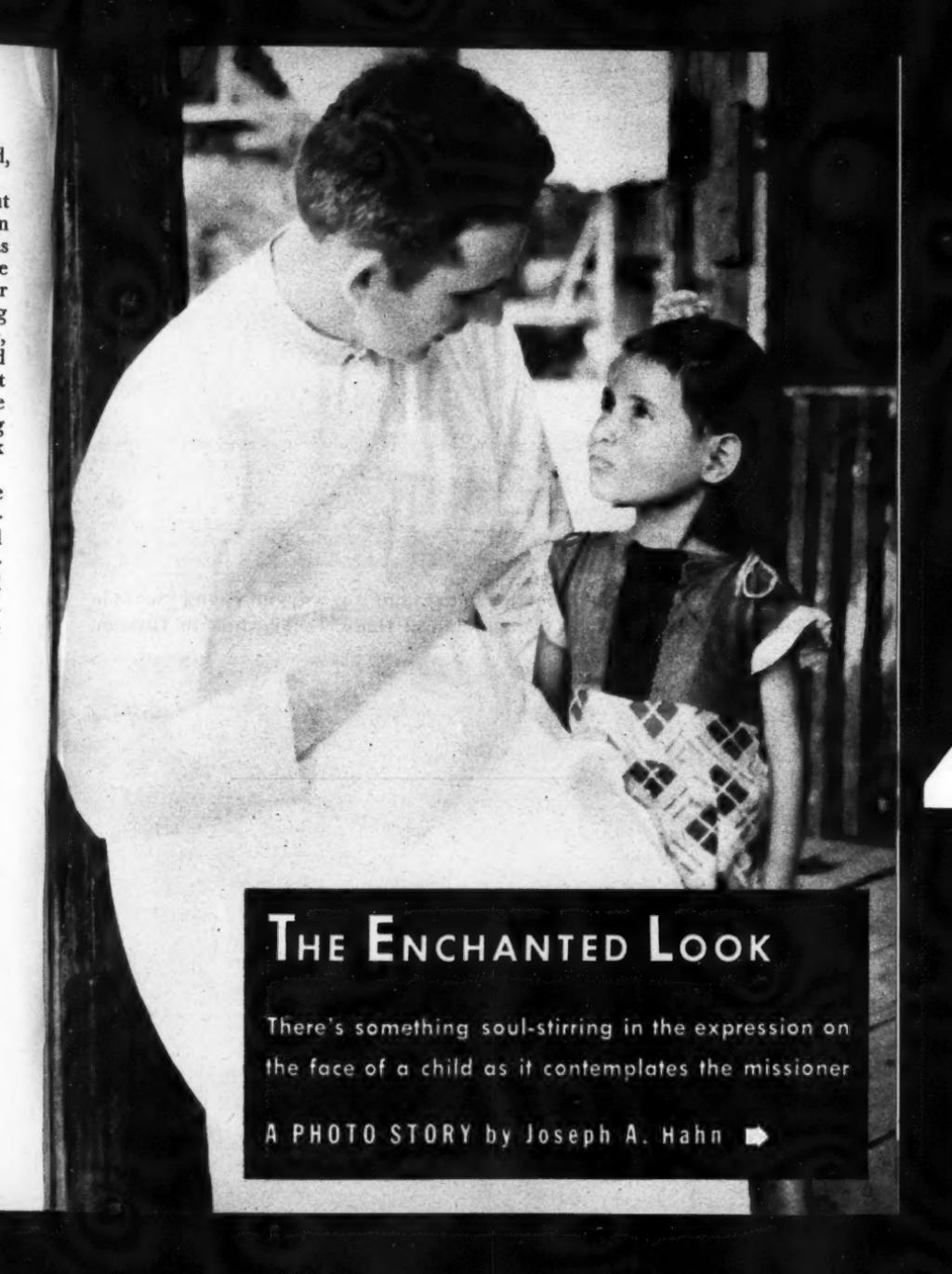
Pauline walked with the slow but confident step of the sightless on familiar ground. Alas! there was nobody to warn her of the large branch in the way. She tripped over it and went down. Even in falling she thought first of her little charge, and tried to twist around and land on her back, to save the baby. But the shock of the fall snapped the infant's head over the protecting arm, and it struck the cement walk with crushing force.

Pauline was heartbroken by the baby's death, and was almost inconsolable. The older girls were shocked at the consequence of the negligence, and the feeling of regretful shame has never left them. Such a thing could not happen again! The children no longer tease their blind housemate, or play jokes on her. She is part of their consciousness, and never do they leave her unguarded. Special consideration is shown by Pauline's own little "family" — the children she has raised, who today form a sort of guard of honor for her.

The Hunchback of Tanchuk

During his first winter with me, I presented a warm coat to Mors Ambulans, my gatekeeper, who was a seventy-year-old hunchback. As the days became colder, I saw that he was not wearing it. "Where is your coat?" I asked. "Good Father," he answered hesitatingly, "I am getting old and might go to heaven very soon. I was thinking that I might die while you were away, so I sold the coat for a coffin." Oddly enough, he did die while I was on a mission trip. Before the end, he was able to tell his friends that his coffin was ready. — *Father Thomas Langley, Tanchuk, China.*





THE ENCHANTED LOOK

There's something soul-stirring in the expression on
the face of a child as it contemplates the missioner

A PHOTO STORY by Joseph A. Hahn ➤



Father Arthur Brown of Brookline, Mass., has a word with young friends in Chile, while Father Hugo Gerbermann of Nada, Texas, chats in Yucatan.



in
n.



Indian children in the high Andes of southern Peru reveal their delight at the banter of Father Donald Cleary, whose home is in Newark, New Jersey.

"Padre, tell us another story!
Show us another trick!" There
is something much deeper
than joy in the faces of this
group of youngsters who press
about Brooklyn's Father William
McDonald, now in Molina, Chile.

AHAMMOCK, to most Americans, is a colorful contraption to be used of a summer's afternoon for a bit of relaxation, under "the old apple tree."

But to a dweller in the tropics, the hammock is a constant friend. At the seashore or in the jungle, the hammock is the article most desired, next to food. It rolls up nicely into a compact bundle, is easily carried, and can be quickly set up between trees, poles, or on the hooks found on the walls of most houses.

A hammock has the advantage over a bed, in that it is private and personal. It belongs to one as completely as his own toothbrush! It can be washed easily, is free from vermin, and permits a constant circulation of air for the sleeper during the torrid nights of the hot season.

For the tyro, however, the hammock presents problems much akin to those of one's first ride on a mule. The trick of getting into the hammock consists of grasping it with both hands, opening it to its full width, and then falling into it as quickly as possible before it shuts like a trap. Most probably, your first attempt will be unsuccessful. You should not be surprised if, instead of hitting the hammock, you hit the floor, face downwards.

After this try, you become cautious. Your second attempt will consist of sliding into the hammock backwards, saying all the while, "Nice hammock! Nice hammock!" Then when it looks quite calm, you will sit on it with all your might. The result will be like sitting on the aforementioned mule. Once more you are on the floor — and you can't figure

HOW to Sleep in a Hammock

by Arthur F. Allie

how you got there so fast. The process begins to get monotonous.

Then there is the matter of wrapping the bed sheet around you before getting into the hammock. Dressed like Julius Caesar, you blow out the candle. Now you and the hammock are alone in the dark!

If at all successful after the first futile attempts, I recommend doing what all professional hammock-users do: that is, sleeping crosswise. This position offers more relaxing possibilities for the body. To attempt to distribute yourself according to the contours of the hammock, with the head up on one end, is not only not conducive to restive slumber, but it has a tendency to warp the anatomy so that you'll get up the next morning looking like a question mark.

Once the required technique for a hammock has been mastered, a bed, I am told by authorities, will never look the same. But then, neither does a mule ever look the same, after he has kicked you in the face. However, that's another story for another day.

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CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

"**Beni River** launches are small affairs — decidedly small, compared with the steam vessels in other corners of the globe," writes Sister Mary Mercy, from Riberalta, Bolivia. "Each launch possesses a hole in the center, where the fire is made and the crude engine housed. Overland travel is no better than that by river, for roads are treacherous, made so by the deep ruts of oxcarts or by rivulets during the heavy rains. And our jeep doesn't have the qualities of an amphibian! On our last sick call, it sank deep in mud and water, and we had to depend on the faithful ox for rescue."

Sister Immaculata, stationed at Tsu, Japan, writes: "We traveled in to Kyoto for our retreat. 'Travel' is too mild a word, since vehicles are scarce and passengers many. The streetcars are packed to the very doors, and one pushes and is pushed in with the crowd. He who hesitates is lost! Inside the car, it is impossible to move — passengers must rise and fall together! A five-o'clock subway rush in New York is mild in comparison. People climb through the windows, and hang on the outside

step, and even ride on the front. But no passenger seems to lose temper or patience."

"**Chinese busses** are a hardy variety!" writes Sister Rose Victor. "One wonders how these busses ever reach their destination. So many parts are makeshift replacements that you ask yourself how much belonged to the original vehicle. And there is always a variety in passengers and cargo! Sometimes you ride on salt or rice, but often the cargo is more trying to sight and smell. Once it was open vats of black paint! Do you

Earring for the Bride

"As a young Indian couple ascended the altar steps this morning, a man rushed to the sanctuary and put something in the groom's hand. Thereupon, kneeling on the altar steps, the groom undertook to screw a beautiful earring into one of the bride's ears. She objected, and no wonder, for the process was painful. Father waited patiently, and then began the ceremony. The bride wore one earring!" — *Bolivia*

wonder that we wear our oldest habits when traveling? But friends are quickly made with companions in distress, and the many stops for repairs give us opportunity to give little 'doctrine talks' or to visit villages where the Church is unknown."

Walking has its compensations, explains Sister Augusta: "It is certainly difficult, walking up hill and down dale while the South China sun brings out the freckles and the prickly heat! There are some places bicycles couldn't go even if we had them. However, we like walking, because it is more leisurely; it allows us to stop often, to talk with the women working in the fields."

Hong Kong to Loting is a trip that does not faze Sister Colombiere: "The voyage to Kongmoon was pleasant. Sharing the stateroom with me were a family of four — husband, wife, two children — and an additional man. I had an upper 'berth,' with a window at my head and another at my side — plenty of fresh air! There were not nearly as many bugs as I had anticipated, so I spent the night in comparative comfort,

though the noise didn't subside until after midnight, when the junk sailed. At Kongmoon I enjoyed a visit with our Sisters. The boat for Konghau, my next stop, finally arrived two days later. It was a makeshift affair, and I was agreeably surprised that it lasted until it reached its destination! At Konghau I changed to a sampan, where I shared the evening meal the boat people had prepared for themselves. It's good that rice and chopsticks make me feel at home! The next day, I changed to a 'motor junk.' There my bunk had not enough space for reclining, so I let the rest on the sampan count for two nights! When we reached Lintan, I was able, after much bargaining, to get a sedan chair for the last lap of my journey. Such a trip! One would imagine there would be a feeling of 'I am monarch of all I survey' as one is hoisted above the shoulders of the four coolies who carry the chair on poles. But most of the time, I was happy to get out to relieve the carriers, for the jouncing and bumping made me glad to walk. It was seven in the evening before the welcome sight of Sister Monica Marie and the orphans greeted me!"

MARYKNOLL SISTERS
MARYKNOLL, N. Y.

Dear Sisters,

I should like to help your work of spreading the Faith in foreign lands. My offering \$_____ is enclosed.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

I will offer _____ days of my ordinary work and prayer for the Maryknoll Sisters each month.

I will send \$_____ a month, to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister, as long as I can. Of course, I understand I may stop this help whenever I find myself unable to continue.

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Each year the Maryknoll Sisters overseas grow in numbers. Less than thirty years ago the first contingent crossed the Pacific to South China, Korea, Manchuria, Japan, the Philippines and Hawaii entered the picture one by one. During the war years, groups went to Bolivia, Panama and Nicaragua in Latin America. The Caroline Islands, Africa and Ceylon were added to the list during 1948. And still the ceaseless call: "Send us Sisters!"



The Maryknoll Roundup

Gathered Glory Speaks Up. "During my furlough in the States," writes Father Ralph Siebert, of Akron, Ohio, "friends gave me warm clothing for our poor Chinese. After I returned to China, I distributed the supplies. We told our Catholics that the clothes were the gifts of American friends. Old Gathered Glory, on receiving his warm overcoat, was moved to remark: 'Now I understand clearly what the priests and Sisters mean when they tell us about the universal charity of the Church. Truly, it is Catholic hands across the sea.'"



Father Siebert

If the Shoe Fits. We received a little report of some detective work from our "sleuth" in Chile, Father Joseph



Father Rickert

Rickert, who formerly lived in Brooklyn (not that that has anything to do with the case). A woman of his parish came to his house to complain of violent pains in her stomach, and she said that the pains began when she became angry with her husband. Father Rickert gave her some pills and then pondered the situation for twenty-four hours. After a little investigation next

day, he found the solution of the mystery. The woman admitted that her husband had been angry, too; in fact, he had been so angry that he had hit his wife in the stomach with his shoe. Father Rickert is now attempting to learn whether or not a foot was in the shoe at the time.

Event of the Season. "I should like to report the event of the season here in the Chinese village of Eternal Happiness," writes Father Irwin D. Nugent, of Dorchester, Mass. "The



Father Nugent

event was the wedding of Catechist Liao and Margaret Tung. The young lady was not a Catholic but agreed to become one before the wedding. As the time for the nuptials approached, we could see that even in the Orient a prospective groom can be a floor pacer. The climax to the floor pacing came on the day before the wedding. Our classroom is near the chapel, and as Catechist Liao, who doubles as language teacher, put us through our lessons, we could hear his bride-of-the-morrow being examined in catechism. Poor Liao! He sweated out every answer. But he did not need to worry, as she passed with flying colors. In the afternoon, she was baptized. At the community Mass next morning, the couple were married."

The Ox Speaks. Very rarely does one see any person working in the country sections of Chile on Ascension Thursday. Father Gerald Carroll,



Father Carroll

of New York City, and Zemita, Chile, supplies us with the reason. "One Ascension morn," writes Father Carroll, "a good man was preparing his team for work,

when one of the oxen spoke. The ox turned to the man and said: 'Hoy, no. Manana, si. Today, no. Tomorrow yes.' Since that time, no God-fearing Chilean will work on Ascension Thursday. While I don't guarantee this tale, it would be good, methinks, if on some Sunday morning, an ox would tell its driver to go to Mass. Such a command would increase our Mass attendance and greatly simplify our work here."

Consider the Source. "The other day we came across a book that we found interesting," writes Philadelphia's Father James A. Flaherty, from La Paz, Bolivia. "It was called *The Language of Adam*. From it we learned that Adam and Eve spoke Aymara,

the language of our Indians here. This fact was proven by references to Sanskrit, Greek, Latin, Egyptian, and so forth. Then the author showed that the Garden of Eden was located in a town called Sorata, at the foot of Illampu, in the Bolivian Andes. This last item sent us scurrying to the author's biography in the back of the book. Here we learned that the author was born in Sorata and spoke Aymara as a child. There's nothing like local pride — even in writing history."

Models for Americans. The twelve college students who live with Buffalo's Father John C. Murrett, in Kyoto, Japan, recently asked Father if they might elect a council from among their number. They made a rule that the bell for the end of



Father Murrett

study should ring at half-past nine, so that they could have more time for meditation before retiring at ten. One student asked if it would be wrong to study in the chapel. Father Murrett isn't sure, but he believes that these lads have something for American collegians.

WHERE IN THE WORLD ARE THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS?

IN THE PACIFIC

JAPAN — In the Prefecture of Kyoto.
KOREA — Temporarily in Seoul (Vicariate of Peng-Yang closed to Americans).

MANCHURIA — Diocese of Fushun.
SOUTH CHINA — Dioceses of Kowloon, Kaying, Wuchow; Prefecture of Kwellin; also in Diocese of Hong Kong.

HAWAIIAN ISLANDS — In Diocese of Honolulu.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS — Postwar work as yet undetermined.

IN LATIN AMERICA

BOLIVIA — Vicariate of Pando; also in La Paz, Cochabamba, and Santa Cruz.

CHILE — In Dioceses of Talca, Chillan, Temuco, and parish in Santiago.

PERU — In Diocese of Puno; among Chinese in Lima.

ECUADOR — In Archdiocese of Guayaquil.

CENTRAL AMERICA — In the Huehuetenango region of Guatemala and in two other areas of the north.

IN AFRICA

TANGANYIKA — In Vicariate of Musoma-Maswa.

Maryknoll Want Ads.

"I Earned My Living." Many Chinese refugees, begging for help, tell us that before the war they were prosperous. They are able people in temporary hard luck. Can you help us help them? Whatever you can spare—\$1—\$5—\$10—will be gratefully received for our rice lines.



One Priest, 50,000 Souls! No wonder he needs the help of catechists. He ought to have at least 50; they can be hired and trained for \$15 each, monthly. Help Father McClear win Guatemalan converts!

To See and Hear. A 16mm. movie projector and a public-address system, which could be moved from one mission in Chile to another, showing religious films, would greatly aid Maryknollers to instruct the Indians. One thousand dollars so invested will pay dividends in right living. The more people we reach, the more we persuade!

A Cent a Pound is the price of firewood to feed stoves that feed priests and seminarians in Wuchow, China. This year, 60,000 pounds will be burned. Who will pay for some or all of it?

Basket Balls will help us attract the boys of Mexico; knitting yarn will bring in the girls. The sum of \$20 for balls and yarn will make friends for us among the young folks we need to reach. Please help us secure them!

Father McNiff has a good school in Chile, but some of the country lads are too poor to attend. The cost is \$10 a month—\$100 a year—to maintain one lad at the new agricultural and industrial school. Father writes: "Will you help a fellow pull himself up by his bootstraps?"

Your Budget — will include, we hope, Maryknoll Seminary's permanent chapel. Plans have been prepared and contributions are coming in. Will you help? Any sum—\$1 to \$10,000—will be welcome.

The Religion that Goes to Them. Father Tennien requires gasoline to travel in his jeep among the 8,000 Chinese who are receiving instructions. An offering will help.



Linen for the Altars of China. Not one Maryknoll mission in all China has sufficient altar linens. The war destroyed the supplies. To provide for one mission, will cost \$30; to equip all, several thousand dollars.

Let Your Light Shine. Half a gallon of gasoline, worth 15c, will supply light for the church at Cochabamba, Bolivia, during evening devotions and for baptisms and confessions. Will some one give \$1 a week to keep this church alight?



MISSION NEEDS

Bishop Paschang, China.	For hospital, several gifts, <i>each</i>	\$1,000.00
	(Any sum, large or small, will be welcome)	
Father Lomasney, Mexico.	Apparatus to bring water to mission	400.00
Father Connors, Guatemala.	A kitchen stove	90.00
Father McNiff, Chile.	Blacksmith-shop tools, industrial school	75.00
Brother Albert, China.	Carpentry tools, industrial school	65.00
Father M. Murphy, China.	Christmas Crib	60.00
Father Carroll, Korea.	Altar linens, <i>set</i>	30.00
Father Fritz, Bolivia.	Gasoline for mission travel	25.00
Bishop Ford, China.	Albs, <i>each</i>	15.00
Father Lee, Mexico.	Chapel pews, <i>each</i>	10.00
Father Sprinkle, China.	A kerosene lamp	10.00
Father Carroll, Korea.	500 crucifixes for Koreans to wear, <i>each</i>25

A Maryknoll Annuity might interest you. Annuitants enjoy income from their funds. Write to us for a free *Annuity* booklet.

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.



BLEACHER BUDDIES. These Japanese youngsters are waiting for the umpire to start the ball game. Baseball is Japan's popular importation from the West. Some things Japan learned from the West were not so good. Missionaries are there to give the better things.

